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NEWS
FROM
ROME,
OR, A
DIALOGUE
Between His
HOLINESSE
AND A
Cabal of Cardinals
AT A
LATE CONCLAVE:

Consulting
The most Effectual Remedies to Recover the lost Credit of HOLY CHURCH
in ENGLAND;

4 Feb. 1679
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Worthy the Perusal of all true Protestants.

Pope.

MEN, Brethren, Fathers, Sons of Holy Love
Advise your Sire, what course or way to move;
Our Plots are Frustrate, our Designs all crost,
And I fear England (so much long'd for) lost
By Hereticks we're foyl'd and run aground,
And Mother Church has got a Fatal Wound;

Now to retrieve all; get and save our Friends;
Lets stop at nothing that may reach our ends;
Be speedy in your Counsels and advice,
Speak freely all, and be in nothing nice.

At

At this a loud mouth'd Cardinal strait rose,
 And in these Words his mind did thus disclose :
 Most Holy Father I dare boldly say
 That our own People, our designs betray,
 For they who seek a Precipice to Clime,
 Will loose no Opportunity or Time.

Yet ours in both, have sayl'd, the more accurst
 Are we, to let our Scorpions Egg be burst ;
 For had we struck, when *Gloucesters* Duke did fall,
 We in fit season, had dispatch'd them all ;
 Or taken hold upon those Precious Days,
 When the *Fifth Monarchy*, first spread its Rayes ;
 When they with Blinded Zeal were so Enrag'd,
 Father 'gainst Son, Brother 'gainst each Engag'd :
 Or else, when *London* was a Sacrifice,
 Whose Flames the Signal should have been to rise,
 But we in that too basely were put off,
 By that Damp'd Fool of Fools Old Doreing Goff ;
 Whose Friends and Powers in *France* not ready were,
 Nor e're will be to advance *St. Peters* Chair ?
 Were to a fitter time must let it run,
 And now you see, what a fine Thread ye've spun :
 Had I been there, but Heaven be Prais'd i'me here,
 When this discoverie did first appear ;
 The Sun that Sets, should not have Rose again,
 E're many Thousands of them had been slain :
 You should have mist the time, then made 'em Bleed,
 Delays in every thing do Danger breed.
 Had you then giv'n the Blow, 't had been no Plot,
 'Tis only Treason 'cause it prosper'd not :
 Nor can it be Retriev'd, 'tis past all hope,
 And they may thank themselves for th' Axe and Rope ;
 Alas our Plots are grown so Weak and Poor,
 That we're out done by ev'ry Common Whore :
 Each nights Intregue of hers, 'has plainly shown,
 More Conduct than, all our Cabals can own ;
 We're so Unfortunate, 'tis hard to tell,
 Whether our Assistance, is, from Heav'n or Hell.

This said he fate, Then Card'nal who was by,
 His Counsel being ask'd, did strait Reply ;
 He little say, for 'tis not worth the while,
 We are so full of Fraud, Deceit and Guile :
 That I much fear God ha's forgot us quite,
 And left us to the Devil, and to good night.

He quits his place, and from the Conclave goes,
 At which another Cardinal arose :
 And doing Homage to his Holiness,
 Did to him in these Words himself address :

What ha's been spoke already is to true,
 Therefore to *England*, ye may bid Adieu.
 Alas, your Buls, Indulgences and Pardons
 They know as well as we's not worth four Farthings.
 Your Benedictions and Anathemas
 Of no more value are, than those in Plays,
 Your Legends, Reliques and your Purgatory;
 The first are Popperies t'other is a Story;
 Yet you grant Dispensations, faith be civil;
 Tell me who warrants 'em, God, or the Devil:
 Father, here is none but Friends; I fear this Wound
 Will through our Tottering *Babel* to the ground.
 How can you hope Success in any thing,
 Or to your Yoke those Free-born People bring?
 When Hell it self abounds not in such Sin,
 As at this time our Church does wallow in;
 Which of us all, His Holiness not spar'd,
 Of God or Goodness has the least regard?
 Murders and Whoredomes, are our smallest Crimes;
 By Poisons most unto Promotion climbs;
 Name me but one, has got the Papal Seat
 By Just Desert, and I shall hope well yet.
 A Sisters Ravishment is held no Sin;
 With their own Off-spring, some have wicked been.
 Remember pray, who whor'd *MAROTIA*,
 Who was incestious with *OLYMPIA*,
 And do you now complain, and are at stand?
 Pray what ere prospers that you take in hand.
 She whom the Darling of the Church you call;
 Our Engine P—— ne're-sters to stop our fall:
 'Tis true, She did dissolve the P,——
 For which I wish we do not 'all repent;
 And yet what Pardons and Indulgences
 Were daily sent her to bring things to pass:
 Now she do's nothing, giv's our Friends, no hope.
 Neglects both Jesuite, Cardinal and Pope,
 While she her Coffers and her C—— has cram'd;
 She do's not value if we all were damn'd.
 Nor would I have you ever trust again
 A Woman of *Portugal*, *France*, or *Spain*:
 He thus broke off, then came and fate him down;
 At which his Holiness began to frown;

Saying my Lord, you're very plain with me;
 You are well read i'th' Lives of th' Saints I see:
 But know, who ever do's possess this Room,
 Is freed from sin past, present and to come.
 We cannot ere tho' all these things we do;
 In us it is not, tho' 'tis sin in you.
 We are Gods Vicegerent and the Churches Head,
 Can pardon sins, both to the quick and dead:
 But why do I these trivial things relate,
 Greater Concerns we now have in debate.

Once more I say all our Designs are crost,
 And if not timely helpt, our best Friend's lost.
 Think of the Lords i'th' Tower how they'r engag'd,
 'Gainst whom the Heathen are so much Enrag'd:
 These Persons too, of more Renown and Fame,
 Whom you all know, and I forbear to name;
 I Pardons and Indulgercies can give,
 To all the rest whether they dye or live,
 But these are not such Fools er'e to Relie,
 On Bulls or Pardons, when they come to dye:
 Now how to save 'em, were a work indeed,
 Your best of Counsel give, ne're was more need;

Card. At this one rose and bow'd; and thus did say
 May't please your *HOLINESS*. Ple shew the way,
 P—— must not sit, that first resolve,
 Either Prorogue 'em, or else them Dissolve:
 Before the Councel then, let the Lords come,
 And there receive from them, this heavy Doom.
 Let all their Estates be then Confiscated.
 We had better bear, with that then loose a Head:
 Then let them all be sent to Banishment,
 That they their *Horrid Treason* may Repent:
 But as they cross the Seas, twill wash the stain,
 And they er'e long shall be call'd home again;
 Mean time their *Heirs*, all their Estates shall beg,
 And gain 'em too, by making of a Leg;
 This by the means of P—— shall be done,
 She will obtain it, for a *Butter'd Bunn*.
 Shee *Dalilah*-like, must *Sampson* bind with Cords,
 Freedom to gain for our *Philistine*-Lords.
 The Commons will at this be all engag'd;
 We matter not so our Friends are disengag'd;
 Then all our Engines set to work again:
 Corn grows the better for a shower of Rain.
 This is the only way, to quite your fears,
 And set them all together by the Ears.

F. I. N. A. S.